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IN A WILD GARDEN AT SHIRAZ.

SHIRAZ is thoroughly Persian. No European innovations are to be found in the city where sleep the two great poets of Persia, Hafiz and Saadi. In summer, Shiraz is hot, and those who can do it, pass the very hot weather in a garden. It was the writer's good fortune to be on friendly terms with a Persian grandee who was the happy possessor of one of the largest, shadiest, and most retired of the gardens of Shiraz. No Persian will refuse the hospitality of his garden to any decent person; practically, any man's garden is open to all the world, save when the owner, his wives, or his friends are enjoying their *dolce far niente* there. Fortunately, the proprietor of the Resht-i-Behesht (Envy of Heaven) also had a magnificent garden attached to his town mansion for his own use; this enabled the writer to pass the dog-days in that earthly paradise.

About a mile from the walls of Shiraz, just across the empty river-bed—for in most summers the Shiraz river runs dry, the waters being drawn off for irrigation—lies the garden of the Resht-i-Behesht. The three large rooms have been carpeted. Fly-blinds have been hung over the doors and window-holes, for the building is a mere summer-house. The tiles have been swept and sprinkled. The servants have pitched a little tent for themselves. The cook has constructed a series of furnaces in the open air. The little brick-bound stream running in front of the three rooms gurgles merrily. The great brick *sarkā*, or raised platform, has a carpet spread on it; and a lounge-chair, or a mattress with big Persian pillows, is placed there to invite repose. All is shade here. The trees are so planted that one *sarkā* is overshadowed till afternoon; the other, two hundred yards off, till sunset. By the side of each broad path is running-water. But there are no 'rows of stately lilies,' no 'winding walks where roses grow;' an occasional hedge of moss-roses, thousands of tufts of the double and single narcissus—these are all the flowers, save the wild ones. The rest is a sort of jungle of fruit and forest trees,

with a dense growth of underwood and grass. By the sides of the many streams the foliage is thick and lush. The place swarms, literally swarms with nightingales. A nightingale is a very poetical bird; but even nightingales pall when in thousands and when their song disturbs one's slumbers. They are very busy about midnight; but just an hour before dawn the music is deafening and sleep impossible. Nature's alarum is, however, a blessing, for what more enjoyable than the early stroll in the cool garden by the bubbling waters. No one is here save ourselves, our servants, and the gardener and his boy. No one will call save on urgent business, for it is understood that a man goes to a garden for privacy, to take his holiday, to recuperate. The dogs having fraternised with the gardener's watchdog are turned loose for a run, and hunt the small birds in the brushwood. A hubble-bubble and a cup of coffee—the former smoked sitting on a stump beside the running-waters in the cool shade—are very grateful in the early morning. Still more so is the bath in the icy-cold tank which has been duly cleared out for our use. Then perhaps a book for an hour. Soon the sun rises; soon we feel its heat, and retire to umbrageous nooks to avoid it. But the Persian sun is not to be denied; we are driven into the building, as the heat becomes stronger and the flies get active. The hum of insects becomes loud. But indoors all is cool, all is quiet. We have come to be lazy; we are so. No blush suffuses our cheeks when we find that we have slept and that it is nearly noon. We have come to avoid the sun; we succeed in doing so, for we breakfast, still in the shade, in the portico. Again a lounge under the trees and by the brooklets. Somehow or other, we get through the afternoon. Have we slept? Possibly. At five, however, the Russian *samovar* is brought with many fruits, and we partake of tea in tiny cups, and the everlasting but grateful hubble-bubble.

Now is the time for very intimate friends to call. We sternly deny ourselves to importunate on business. Are we not *en retraite*? Are we not

in the garden? The sun will be down in half an hour. It is cool; the pleasant wind which is always felt towards evening in Shiraz has commenced to blow. The horses are brought. We enjoy a two hours' ride; a smart canter through the gardens of Meshed Verdi, or across the sandy plain of Jaffirabad. Or we, too, make our calls on other sojourners in gardens. But we avoid the town, the hot dusty town. If we must go, we do, much against the grain, hurriedly returning to our wild garden. Oftener than not we visit other gardens, empty as a rule; several abut on our own Resht-i-Behesht. Perhaps we find them tenanted; we attempt to discreetly retire; by no means is this allowed. 'Bismillah! you must take one cup of tea and eat a pomegranate;' or whatever the garden is famed for, for each of the gardens has its speciality. There is no intrusion in the matter. The people are summering, and honestly glad to see us. They will surely return this chance visit, and we shall regale them in the same way, and be as unaffectedly glad to see and chat with them.

Our particular garden is celebrated for a white apple which has an unmistakable flavour of rose-water. But it is also the shadiest garden near Shiraz, and the coolest. We are quite sure. Have we not lived in them all, and do not we come to this particular garden every year? That is proof enough, at all events for us.

It is getting dark; but the moon is rising, the glorious Persian moon. As we return to our garden we see lights in nearly every neighbouring one. On the *sarkā* in front of our living-rooms is set the table with all its civilised appliances; the wine is in snow, for, in Shiraz, snow is the luxury of even the poorest, ice being rare and dear; but there is always plenty of the pure snow to be got from the crevices of the neighbouring mountains. Dinner is served, the regulation English dinner, perhaps with a native dish or two—the smoking *pillau* with its fowl boiled to rags, or a *fizzinjahn* of partridge, or of lamb (we get lamb twice a year in lucky Shiraz).

Dinner is over; we sit on our *sarkā*, the moon peeping through the trees and lighting the place up. The dogs are chained up as sentinels around the building. The gardener's pet bear descends the tree to which he is chained, as soon as the dogs are secured; he discreetly retires to the branches when his enemies are loose. We provide Bruin with a meal of boiled rice. From the servants' quarters resound the melancholy love-ditties of Iran, our literary cook improvising scandalous local songs, which are received with much mirth. Gradually, as the servants lapse into silence, we retire to the roof where our bedding is prepared. 'Tweet, tweet, tweet, bubble, bubble, bubble'—a nightingale. The noise is repeated with variations; but we are not romantic. We are tired; we have dined; we turn over, and our roof being free from mosquitoes, we drop off.

'Hoi, hoi—thieves, thieves!' Bang goes a gun from the servants' quarters; there is much running about, much barking of dogs. In the morning, nothing is missing. There is no sign of the robber; he probably was but a visionary one. As before, an hour before dawn the concert of birds becomes deafening. We pop on an Afghan *poosseen*, a long sleeved robe of sheepskin, fur

inside, for it is slightly chilly. Again we potter aimlessly about the wild garden. Another day, which will be passed much as its predecessor, has commenced.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLVII.—DISMISSAL.

AFTER Mr Vickary had seen Josephine leave Captain Sellwood's room with his boot, he waited about, keeping himself concealed, till she returned with the boot and shut the door, whereupon he went to Miss Otterbourne in the drawing-room, whither she had retired after dinner, and was waiting for her nephew to rejoin her, when he had sat sufficiently long over the wine and dessert.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said the butler; 'I do hope I'm not taking a liberty, ma'am; but may I ask if you told Cable to go in and out as she liked of the captain's apartments?'

'Of course not, Vickary.'

'I'm sorry to trouble you, ma'am. I see her running in there a score of times—it's remarked by the servants, and rather unpleasant, and Mrs Grundy says she has given no such orders; so we thought it best, ma'am, if I were to ask if you, ma'am, had empowered her so to do. You will excuse me, ma'am, but when there is talk—and when the young woman tells lies about it'—

'Lies, Vickary!'

'Well, ma'am, just now I see her go in there, and the captain there too. I said to her that I didn't consider it quite right—it was not her place; and she told me that the housekeeper had set her to attend to the room, which, ma'am, I knew not to be true.'

'The captain is in the dining-room.'

'I'm sorry to differ from you, ma'am; but he went up very quickly to his rooms, and Cable was in after him directly. It must be very unpleasant, ma'am, for a young gentleman to be so run after, and it makes talk in the house.'

Miss Otterbourne was much astonished and greatly indignant. 'Do you mean to tell me, Vickary, that she is there now?'

'I believe so, madam.'

'And the captain is there?'

'I saw him by the fire; and Cable shut the door after her when she went in.'

'Go and fetch her at once.—No. I will go myself. I really—upon my word—to say the least—how inconsiderate.'

The old lady was very angry. She raised herself with difficulty from her armchair, drew a silk handkerchief over her shoulders, as a protection against damp or draught outside the room, and walked in the direction of her nephew's suite of apartments. When she opened the door and saw Josephine seated in an armchair on one side of the fire and the captain standing near her, in earnest conversation, she was as irritated as if her nettlerash had suddenly come out over her temper.

As soon as Josephine had left the room, Miss Otterbourne said—she was panting from having ascended a flight and walked fast—'I—I am surprised. These may be Indian barrack habits, but—but'—

Captain Sellwood managed to get his boot on; his face was nearly the colour of his stocking.

'And only partly dressed too,' gasped Miss Otterbourne, 'half shod, and—and, with a hole in your stocking sole. Good heavens, how indelicate!'

'There was a peg in the boot,' explained Captain Sellwood.

'My dear Algernon, there generally are pegs in boots.'

'I mean—it hurt me, and I asked Josephine!'

'Josephine!'

'My dear aunt, we have known each other since children.'

'Oh!' The nettlerash was alleviated. But presently it came out again. 'That does not explain her coming to visit you in your private room, sitting in your armchair.'

'Where would you have had her sit, aunt?'

'Algernon—she is a servant.'

'Aunt—she is a lady.'

'A real lady would never have run after you into your private apartments.'

'She did not run after me. She did not know I was there. She was picking up the swansdown I had inconsiderately strewed on the carpet, when I came in.'

'Then she should considerably have gone out.'

'I asked her for a hammer.'

'She had no right here.—And are you aware, Algernon, that you have had a hole the size of a threepenny piece in the sole of your foot, at the—heel, exposed? If you had had any sense of decency, you would have kept your foot flat on the carpet, instead of turning it up.—I don't care whether she is a lady by birth and breeding; she is no lady at heart, or she would never have sat here half an hour or three-quarters, staring at a bit of your heel exposed, the size of a threepenny piece. That alone stamps her. She has a nasty mind, and must go.'

'My dear aunt—surely you are hard in judging. There was a peg in my boot that stood up, and that hurt my foot, and no doubt at the same time worked the hole in my stocking.'

'That is very probable,' said Miss Otterbourne. 'But I should like to know, were you aware it was there?'

'No; I felt my heel painful; I do not think I noticed that my stocking was rent.'

'That excuses you, but not her.'

'Perhaps she did not see it.'

'Nonsense; of course she saw it.'

'Aunt, do sit down!'

'In that armchair, vacated by her!—No! She has been looking at the hole in your stocking from that armchair.—I couldn't do it.'

'Do what, aunt?'

'Sit in the chair after that!—the old lady was now very angry, and very convinced that Josephine was no lady—'gloating on it—positively gloating on it.'

'If any blame attaches to any one, it is to me,' said Captain Sellwood. 'I came in here out of my bedroom, with my boot in my hand, for the poker, with which!'

'Why did you not ring for John Thomas?'

'It was not worth while. When I came in, I found her on her knees picking up the bits of down, and I asked her for a hammer, or

she offered one, I do not recollect which; and then she whipped the boot out of my hand and went off with it. It was most good-natured of her.'

'I object to young women being good-natured with young men. Good-nature may go too far.'

'And then I asked her to sit down. I wanted to talk to her about Hanford, and my mother, and mutual acquaintances. I was awfully sorry for her, to see her in such circumstances.'

'I disapprove of young men being, as you call it, "awfully sorry" for distressed damsels; there is no knowing to what this awful sorrow may lead.'

'My dear aunt, it was natural. I have known her, and she was my playmate since we were children. I do like her; I always have liked her. Why, if I were in reduced circumstances, you, aunt, would not cut me.'

'No!—slightly mollified. 'But I am your aunt, and not a young creature. That makes mountains of difference.—And pray, is it only her reduced circumstances that stirs up in you such awful sorrow? She has had some other trouble, I know. Are you acquainted with her intended? Have you brought her a message from him?'

'She has no intended.'

'Then it is broken off! I was sure she has had an affair of the heart, she has looked so peaky and pale since she has been here.'

'I do not know anything about her heart affairs,' said Captain Sellwood. 'I know that one or two fellows have been awfully fond of her.'

'Indeed! Is it possible that one who has confessed to awful sorrow should also allow awful fondness? That it leads to awful chumming, I have seen with my eyes.'

Captain Sellwood did not answer. He had spoken inconsiderately, and his aunt had taken advantage of his mistake.

'Good gracious, Algernon! You don't mean to tell me that there has been an attachment in this quarter?'

'No attachment,' he said, looking down and knitting his brows. 'For an attachment, the chain must hold at both ends.'

'Merciful powers, Algernon! Can your mother have sent this chum of yours here to be out of your way!—You were so infatuated, there was no knowing what lengths you would go, and my dear sister hoped that by putting a distance between you!'

'No, aunt—nothing of the sort.'

'But I must get to the bottom of this. There is something kept from me. Is it true that you have—that you have—harboured an unfortunate passion for this young person—this chum, as you call her?'

'I did love the young lady. We have known each other since we were children—at least since she was a little girl and I a big boy. She was so lively, so daring, so witty, I could not help loving her. But that is over now.'

'I should hope so—I should hope so indeed. A servant-maid—a servant-maid in my house! Lord have mercy on us! It is a wonder to me you did not turn Mohammedan in India, and put your neck under Juggernaut's car.'

'My dear aunt, what have Juggernaut and his car, and Mohammedanism and Josephine, to do with each other?'

'What a world we live in!' groaned Miss Otterbourne. 'Radicalism everywhere!'

'You forget, aunt, that she belonged to the class of life to which I belong. I may tell you this—that she has inherited a very handsome estate, but has conscientious scruples, which I do not understand, because I do not know the circumstances, against her enjoying it; and rather than violate her conscience, she has come into service to you. I honour and respect her for it, aunt!'

'But—she is a servant. She is my lady's-maid. It does not matter one hair whether she be heiress to untold millions or be a household drudge, the moral indelicacy is the same. She ought never to have sat here in your chair, talking to you when you had a hole in your stocking.—No, Algernon, you may say what you will—you may try to throw dust in my old eyes, but I shall never get over that hole in your stocking.' She had said enough and heard enough, and she left the room.—'Smoke your cigar,' she said as she left, 'and then come down to me. I presume you can light it without the assistance of your *chum*.'

When the old lady reached her drawing-room, she was so hot that she sank into her chair and fanned herself for several minutes without getting any cooler. She rang the bell, and bade John Thomas send her Cable at once; and in two minutes Josephine came to her.

'Cable,' said Miss Otterbourne, fanning herself vigorously, 'I am surprised and offended. I *did* suppose you knew your place better, and had more delicacy than to sit in a room with a gentleman who had a hole in his stocking.'

'Had he? I did not know it, ma'am.'

'Did not know it? Of course you knew it! I saw by the direction of your eyes, the instant I came in, that you were examining it.'

'I did not give it a thought, even if I saw it, and I do not believe I did that. But, surely, ma'am, there is no harm in that.'

'No harm in sitting in an armchair in the same room with a gentleman, a captain in Her Majesty's service, who has been in India, when he is in a condition of partial undress! In such a house as this, such transgressions cannot be passed over. My nephew informs me that you have been old acquaintances; but old acquaintanceship does not remove all the barriers of female delicacy, and give a woman liberty to look at a man's foot without his boot covering it. It is perhaps allowed us to know that the other sex has feet, because they are mentioned in the Bible; but we know it as we know that we have antipodes, by faith, not by sight.' She fanned herself with a vehemence which made her hot, and fluttered the little silver barrels on both sides of her brow. 'Cable—it does not please me to have simultaneously under my roof a nephew as a visitor and an old acquaintance of his—*chum*, he called you—as a lady's-maid. The situation is incongruous, and leads, as I have seen to-night, to injudicious conduct, which may, which has occasioned scandal; and such a house as this must be maintained in its dignity and irreproachability. Either the captain, my nephew, or you, my servant, must leave, and leave without delay.'

'Of course, Miss Otterbourne, I will go.'

'If you can make it convenient to depart to-morrow, you will oblige. I am sorry to say this, but—it is quite impossible for me to have my nephew and you under the same roof together. I have the greatest reliance on his discretion; I wish I could say the same of yours. You shall receive, as is your due, a month's wage, because you leave to suit my convenience. There is an excellent Refuge for domestics and governesses out of place at Bath, to which I subscribe, and you can go there till you hear of a situation.'

'Thank you, Miss Otterbourne, but I shall not stay in Bath.'

'Will you go back to Hanford?'

Josephine shook her head.

'I am sorry—I am sincerely sorry. There is so much good about you, so much that I have liked; but, under the circumstances, I cannot retain you. It would not be right; and in this house—from myself down, I believe, to the scullery-maid and the boy who cleans the knives—I trust we all try to do that which is right. Mr Vickary is a burning and a shining light, and Mrs Grundy, hardly less so—a moon beside the sun. But I will not speak of this. I never dismiss a servant except for some gross offence—and I really do not believe such has occurred—without some little testimonial of my regard; so you must allow me to present you with a five-pound note in addition to your wage. You have been guilty of an indiscretion—I firmly trust, unpremeditated.'

'O Miss Otterbourne!'

'Where do you purpose going?' asked the old lady. 'I cannot possibly permit you to depart without some knowledge that you are going to a place where you will be cared for.'

'I am going'—Josephine looked down, then up—'yes, I am going down into Cornwall.'

'Into Cornwall. Where to?'

'To my husband.'

'Cable—what? Husband! I do not understand.'

'To my husband, madam.'

'You are a married woman?'

Josephine bowed.

'Goodness gracious me!—But that somewhat alters the complexion of affairs. A married woman! Does my nephew know that?'

Josephine bowed again.

'A married woman!—But where is your wedding ring?'

'In my bosom.'

Miss Otterbourne fanned herself fastly, not with wrath, but with the agitation occasioned by amazement. 'Merciful powers!—you married! Who would have thought it! And so young, and so pretty! It hardly seems possible. But—if you are married—it is not so dreadfully improper that you should know men have feet under their boots. I do not say it is right; but it is not so very wrong that—that you should have seen a hole in my nephew's stocking, because married women do know that such things occur.'

Josephine smiled; she thought Miss Otterbourne was about to retract her discharge, so she said: 'Madam, I cannot stay here. I have explained my reasons to Captain Sellwood, who will tell you after I am gone. Now I have made my resolve, I go direct to my husband.'

The door of the drawing-room opened and the butler came in. He advanced deferentially towards Miss Otterbourne, and stood awaiting her permission to speak.

'What is it, Vickary? Do you want anything?'

'It is Cable, madam.'

'Well—what of Cable, Vickary?'

'Please, madam, Cable's husband have come to fetch her away.'

CURIOUS FACTS OF INHERITANCE.

THE strength of the law which determines the transmission of character—physical or otherwise—from parents to children is still far from receiving due attention and recognition. A striking instance of inheritance is often hailed as wonderful and inexplicable; yet such cases are merely exaggerated examples of a phenomenon of which every family, nay, every individual affords proof. We all inherit in a more or less variable degree the physical constitution and the mental aptitudes of our parents; but this law of inheritance is liable to so much modification, that frequently its operation becomes entirely lost to view. When two forces act upon a body, the resultant is a mean between the two components. This mean is not merely in all cases different from either component, but it is a variable mean, the variation depending upon the relative strength of the two component forces. Inheritance affords an exact parallel to this elementary law of mechanics. No child is entirely like either parent; and the inheritance of two sets of tendencies which may be allied, opposed, or indifferent to each other, may result in characters possessed by neither parent. This result is no breach of the law of inheritance, but is in strict harmony with its most precise conditions; yet it is not surprising that a law subject to such indefinite variation should gain scanty recognition except from those who have made it a special study, and can, therefore, readily distinguish an explicable exception to a law from an actual breach of it.

That the law of inheritance should be constant in its operation, however variable in its effects, is not a matter for surprise. That like produces like is the law written upon the universal face of nature. Sir Henry Holland truly observes that the real subject for surprise is not that any peculiarity should be inherited, but that any should fail to be inherited; and Darwin remarks that the most correct way of viewing the whole subject would be to look at the inheritance of every character as the rule, and non-inheritance as the anomaly.

It is obvious that instances of inheritance are most likely to be noticed and recorded when the inherited peculiarity is striking and abnormal. Countless instances of inheritance come under our notice almost every day; but the vast majority of them are too slight and insignificant to attract attention. A slight peculiarity of feature, complexion, or voice will readily pass unnoticed; but if a striking deformity be inherited, or some disease pursue a family through several generations, it can hardly escape the most careless observation. Cases are on record of families whose members were characterised by the posses-

sion of a supernumerary digit on the hands and feet, and this remarkable peculiarity has been transmitted through five generations, showing how strong is the force of inheritance even in such a minor detail of structure. A still more singular instance is that of Lambert, the well-known 'porcupine-man,' whose skin was thickly covered with warty projections, which were periodically moulted. He had six children, who were similarly affected; and two of his grandsons inherited the same strange peculiarity. The writer is acquainted with a gentleman who has a marked drooping of the left eyelid. His son inherits this peculiarity, but in a less remarkable degree. One of the most singular instances of inheritance is that recorded by Defandolle. There was a family in France of which the leading representative could, when a youth, pitch several books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone, and he used to win wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and his three children possessed the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches, so that the head of the above-mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resided in another part of France, and on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty, immediately exhibited his power.

Haller, the celebrated physiologist, records that the family of the Bentivoglio all possessed a tumour which used to swell when a damp wind blew, and this strange peculiarity was transmitted from father to son. The frequency among the Romans of surnames indicating some physical peculiarity—Naso, Labeo, Bucco, Capito—would seem to show that the fact of certain types of feature being transmitted through several generations had already been remarked. This fact lies almost unnoticed under many current forms of expression. We speak of a certain type of face being aristocratic or the reverse, by which we mean that physical features characterising certain classes are transmitted so surely as to become the recognised appanage of those classes. The aristocracy of Western Europe pride themselves upon possessing and transmitting small hands, the outward and visible sign of long exemption from manual labour. The aristocracy of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. The implication is in each case the same. We often speak of 'blue blood' without any clear idea of the meaning of the expression. The phrase probably arose from the recognition of the fact, that the aristocratic and luxurious classes, who are exempt from actual labour, possess a fine white skin, through which the veins show themselves clearly, and that this peculiarity is transmitted from generation to generation. It is a fact of history that Frederick-William I. of Prussia succeeded in producing a stock of gigantic grenadiers by matching his tallest soldiers with women of similar proportions.

No point of structure is too minute to afford instances of the law of inheritance. A little spot on the iris has been transmitted from parent to child. The possession of a few abnormally long hairs in the eyebrows has been known to characterise the various members of certain families; and the characteristic of a patch of prematurely

gray hair has been transmitted through several generations. Many curious records exist of families which possessed and gloried in their scars, moles, and other family marks, faithfully transmitted from parent to child—a sort of secret hall-mark stamped by nature to attest the genuineness of the line. Peculiarities in the structure, arrangement, and even in the chemical composition of the teeth, frequently run in families. The writer, among whose professional duties the frequent inspection of tongues holds a humble but not unimportant place, has remarked a notable peculiarity in the shape of that organ transmitted from mother to daughter.

Peculiarities in the expression of the face are frequently inherited. Many cases may be remarked where an inherited resemblance is quite latent when the features are in repose, but comes out with startling vividness when they are agitated by emotion. Among the acquaintances of the writer is a gentleman who, when smiling, exhibits a most peculiar and unusual arrangement of lines at the outer angle of the eyes, and this characteristic has been faithfully transmitted to his children.

When we turn to the lower animals, the instances of striking peculiarities being inherited are still more numerous, and have been recorded with greater care and accuracy. Every breeder and trainer is aware of the vast importance of the law of inheritance, and no instance is allowed to escape notice; but it is only in recent years that philosophers have become alive to the fact that in his physical nature man obeys the ordinary biological laws which prevail among the higher animals, and that among these laws the law of inheritance holds the first place. A breed of cattle once existed which possessed only one horn, and this was transmitted. A one-antlered stag has been known to propagate this peculiarity in his offspring. A rabbit produced a litter in which one of the young was one-eared, and this was transmitted. Many of the most famous breeds of sheep and cattle have arisen through the accidental appearance of some striking peculiarity of structure, which has been preserved by careful selection and breeding. Thus the well-known Ancon or otter-breed of sheep, now extinct, arose in the last century in Massachusetts by the accidental birth of a ram characterised by crooked legs and a long back like a turnspit. These peculiarities rendered him unable to leap fences, and as this was a point of great importance to the early settlers, this ram was selected for breeding, and his abnormalities of structure were faithfully transmitted. The breeds of Mauchamp sheep and Niata cattle had a somewhat similar origin. Darwin relates how in a litter of pointer pups one was observed to be of a blue colour. This remarkable circumstance led to inquiry, and it was found that, four generations earlier, there had been in the same breed a pointer bitch named Sappho, celebrated for her blue colour. We have here an instance of one of the secondary laws of inheritance known as the law of Atavism (from *atavus*, an ancestor). According to this law, any peculiarity, instead of passing directly from parent to child, may skip one or more generations, and reappear lower down in the line of descent. Of this curious law innumerable instances occur. It is not uncommon for a child to resemble

his grandparents much more closely than his father or mother. This is frequently noted in the case of animals, where we have the opportunity of observing several generations, and analogy would lead us to expect a similar principle in the case of man. The law of Atavism can only be explained by assuming that the qualities which were *patent* in grandfather and grandchild were *latent* in the intervening generation. There is nothing difficult or arbitrary in this hypothesis, as multitudes of facts are on record to prove that physical and intellectual peculiarities may remain dormant for long periods in an individual, and suddenly develop into prominence under some unwonted pressure. Thus, privation or confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere may develop a latent tendency to consumption. A severe illness has been known to determine the onset of insanity, to which the individual had a hereditary predisposition; or, to take more hopeful instances, a severe shock, such as bereavement or the sudden loss of fortune, has been frequently known to bring out unexpected traits of character, and to develop a resolution and a magnanimity, of which the individual had previously exhibited no evidence. Our characters, in addition to those prominent traits which attract general attention, have a multitude of secret marks traced as it were in invisible ink, and ready to spring into prominence on condition of the necessary stimulus being applied.

When we leave the domain of structural peculiarities and turn to that of mind, habit, and instinct, we find an inexhaustible store of curious facts of inheritance. Contrary to popular belief, there seems no reason to doubt that genius is hereditary, though, from the obvious conditions of the case, it is rarely transmitted in like quality and degree from parent to child. The subject is too large to be advantageously considered here; but those interested in it will find a vast mass of striking information and ingenious reasoning in Mr Francis Galton's admirable work on *Hereditary Genius*.

A case is on record of a man who possessed the habit of sleeping on his back with the right leg crossed over the left. His daughter, while still an infant in the cradle, exhibited the same peculiarity. The possibility of imitation, conscious or unconscious, is here obviously excluded. A case has been reported to the writer of a man who had the habit of alternately flexing and extending his great toe while lying in bed. His grandson developed the same habit, though quite ignorant of his grandfather's peculiarity. Ribot records a curious instance of a domestic servant who exhibited an incurable vice of loquacity. She talked incessantly to any one who would listen, to animals, to inanimate objects, and even to herself. When upbraided with her folly, she said it was not her fault, as her father had possessed just the same habit, and had almost driven her mother distracted by it!

Instinct is strongly hereditary in animals, even under the most unfavourable conditions. Ducklings hatched by a hen take to water immediately on breaking their shell; and every one is familiar with the spectacle of the distracted mother wildly running to and fro on the margin of the duck-pond, while her youthful family, heedless of her terror, disport themselves delightedly upon

its surface. If the eggs of the wild-duck be placed under one of the domesticated species, the young, when their feathers are complete, immediately take to the wing. Birds hatched in confinement construct in their cages the same kind of nest as their more fortunate brethren of the same species build in the virgin forest. Many curious and apparently mysterious facts are explicable on the hypothesis of the permanence under changed conditions of traces of aboriginal instincts. Thus, the domesticated dog, even when thoroughly well cared for, is very fond of burying a bone in some secret spot—a lingering trace, probably, of the time when he ran wild in the woods, and the secreting of surplus food for a future occasion was a matter of practical importance to him. When the squirrel is reared in confinement, it stores away in a corner of its cage a portion of the nuts supplied to it, an instinctive preparation for the coming winter, unnecessary, indeed, for this individual squirrel, but highly important for its ancestors and congeners living in the wild state. Every one must have observed how difficult it is to make the common ass leap over a stream, however small. This unwillingness is not the result of an inherent incapacity for jumping, as the ass leaps over other obstacles with ease, while it hesitates obstinately at the tiniest streamlet. We have here, in all probability, a remnant of an instinct dating far back to the time when the ancestors of the ass were exclusively desert animals, and so unaccustomed to the sight of running-water as to be confused and terrified by it. If any one observes a field of lambs at play, he will notice with what delight they frisk upon any hillock within their reach. Here we have probably a trace of the time when the progenitors of our sheep were Alpine animals, and possessed the habits of the chamois.

In the realm of disease, the facts of inheritance are most numerous, and are daily accumulating. Here they are no longer, alas, curious and amusing, but terrible, fateful, overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. It meets the physician on his daily rounds, paralysing his art, and filling him with sadness. The legend of the ancient Greeks pictured the malignant Furies pursuing families from generation to generation, and rendering them desolate. The Furies still ply their work of terror and death; but we have stripped them of the garb which superstition threw around them, and they now appear to our eyes in the more intelligible but not less awful form of hereditary disease. Modern science, which has cast illumination into so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new and still more lurid light on the words of the Hebrew Scripture: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Instances of hereditary disease abound on every hand. Fully fifty per cent. of cases of gout are inherited. The proportion is not much less in that fell destroyer of families, our national scourge, consumption. Cancer and scrofula run strongly in families. Insanity is hereditary to a marked degree; but fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. Nearly all defects of sight are occasionally inherited. Sir Henry Holland says truly that 'no organ or tex-

ture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject of hereditary disease.' Probably most chronic diseases which permanently modify the structure and functions of the body are more or less liable to be inherited.

The important and far-reaching practical deductions from such facts—affecting so powerfully the happiness of individuals and families and the collective welfare of the nation—will be obvious to reflective minds, but cannot be dwelt upon in the present article.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER III.—DARKENING.

THE sight of that policeman lounging at the door temporarily took away my power of speech. It was the visible realisation of what I previously regarded as either malicious cruelty or the baseless folly of imagination.

'Colonel Jack,' I said at last, 'you surely do not believe that?'

The colonel shook his head. 'I believe nothing until it is proven,' he answered. 'I am as grieved as you are, young man, that this should be Mrs Humby's situation—poor child, poor child! But the charge is raised, and her innocence must be cleared. I shall be as glad as any to see it cleared. But until that is done— Well, I need not go on.—Do you wish to see her?'

'I came here for that purpose. I should be very glad to speak with Mrs Humby—if she will see me.'

Colonel Jack, without another word, left me. And now I began to feel the natural embarrassment incident to my present position. How should I open my mission to her? It occurred to me, for the first time, that her natural indignation against so foul a charge might transfer itself to me for my impertinence, as a stranger—and a young man to boot—in approaching her with the suggestion that her innocence needed defending. The thought took a most uncomfortable hold upon me, and I began heartily to wish I had given the matter more consideration before volunteering upon such an errand. However, here I was—and there was Colonel Jack, in her room, informing her of my desire to speak with her—and I must go through with it now. Only, I could hardly repress the faint hope that she might either flatly refuse to see me, or decline the interview on some pretence of indisposition. She did neither. Colonel Jack presently reappeared, holding back the *chick* or blind which hung over the doorway, to allow her to pass. As she appeared, she glanced towards me with a quiet, questioning look. Colonel Jack led her to where I stood, and introduced me, and then, with a slight bow, she sat down in the chair which he had left.

The colonel went into the house; and the policeman, obedient to a sign from his superior, retired to a distance. We were quite alone, and

I feared for my first words, lest they should be such as to create an unfavourable effect.

The way I opened the conversation illustrates a common experience of those who study overmuch beforehand what they will say on a particular occasion. I have mentioned that I believed it more than doubtful whether she remembered having seen me at Mentone two years before—she had not seen me much, and I was changed in looks—and I had made up my mind not to make so slight and doubtful a reminiscence any ground of introduction or justification for one; yet in my perplexity as to how to open the interview, it was the very thing which I did.

'I am more than doubtful, Mrs Humby,' I said, 'as to whether you have the slightest recollection of having met me before you came to India; I hardly think you can. But my having seen you then is the only special explanation of my intruding upon you now, instead of many others who are equally earnest in their desire to—to give you their sympathy and help, should you accept it.'

She looked up, gently and gravely and attentively, in my face—as a child might, to whom you were imparting some serious and interesting lesson—and answered: 'I remember you well, Mr Everest. I met you at Mentone, when I was there with my father. I saw you afterwards in London,' she added, after a moment, 'at a theatre; but you did not see me.'

'Then, perhaps, you will not mind my coming here now?'

'Surely not. You have come kindly, I know. How could I resent that? I am grateful for it—grateful to every one who has given me sympathy. And—and—I saw the colour dawning on her white face, but little dreamed what she was going to say—and I owe you personally a word of thanks, Mr Everest, which I have had no opportunity of speaking until now. If only for that, I am glad you have come.' Her face was crimson now, but she looked at me full with her clear eyes as she added: 'I remember that night in the garden. I was prostrated, but not unconscious. I remember everything, every word.—Will you accept my thanks, Mr Everest?' She said it simply, without the slightest tremor in her soft low voice.

I passed from the subject as quickly as I could; I felt an embarrassing warmth suffusing my own face, which I would have given the world for her not to see.

'I have come here this evening—Lady O'Reilly,' I added more boldly, 'has commissioned me—to offer you any help you may need in your present circumstances, Mrs Humby. I will not refer to what our convictions and feelings are—but, you will let us help you? You are alone, in a strange country, and this will justify us in what we ask.'

'Thank you; I thank everybody,' she answered, with a tremor in her tone.

'Then you will permit me to speak freely?' I eagerly asked. 'Be assured that nothing shall be left undone to—to—— How hard it was, in the presence of that pale and friendless girl, so lovely

in her simple dress of black cashmere, to give utterance to the horrible charge which hung over her guiltless head!

She was braver than I was, and saved me the task. 'You want to defend me?' she said. 'It is terrible to need defence. But I felt it still more terrible to be alone—as I have been until now.' The tears burst from her eyes. God help her! how she must have suffered since her solitude was changed into a prison.

'No one knows where or how the accusation originated—no one in the station credits it,' I answered. 'All the same, for your honour we will leave no stone unturned to discover the guilty party—if there has been any guilt—or otherwise clear up the horrid mystery which surrounds that night. You will help us yourself, Mrs Humby; and with what you can tell us we shall be able to succeed in time. We must have a lawyer; and Lady O'Reilly has herself selected one.' All this I spoke rapidly and eagerly.

She dried her tears and rewarded my zeal with a faint smile. 'Alas,' she replied, 'what help can I give you? I have been questioned so much that I can only repeat over and over what I have already said. I know nothing else!'

Now, it was very probably her own extraordinary narrative of the events of that night which first turned sinister suspicion towards her. Colonel Jack, honest as he was, was suspicious from the force of habit derived from his magisterial office; and the mere fact of Mrs Humby escaping from the fire while her husband perished in it would never have associated her for a moment in any ordinary mind with his death. But that strange story which she told, and adhered to, was highly calculated first to create surprise, and then to move suspicion. And even the declaration of Lady O'Reilly, made the day before and carried all over the station, may have unconsciously opened people's minds to the idea of Mrs Humby's guilt.

But that story of hers—I felt it was the stumbling-block. How were we to get rid of it? It is very hard to get rid of an iterated statement in such a case and of such a character; in fact, we know it is impossible to get rid of it; yet the idea held me strongly that Mrs Humby was under some mental delusion, some hallucination, due to fright or excitement, in regard to what took place—that she might have thrown, unconsciously, the lurid colours of a dream of terror over the first moments of her awakening, and confounded or identified the two; and I believed that if we could establish this assumption as fact, something of substantial importance would be gained.

I led her, without difficulty, to talk freely of the events of that night. I took care to lead her up to that point only—at about nine o'clock—when she heard her husband close the door of his room. It was soon after this that she went to sleep. Now this was the point at which my anxiety took its stand.

It was the first day she had been as far as the veranda since her illness; she said she had sat there for several hours. She told me, in answer to my questions, the incident of the cook's child. She admitted, with reluctance, that she was herself in fear of her husband's violence that evening—not because the thing would have been new to her, but because she would have been less fitted to bear

it, on account of her weak health. The man was dead—had died a death horrible enough to appal even an enemy—but the mere thought of this fear made my blood boil against his memory.

She was fatigued when she lay down, dressed as she was, on her bed, and the fatigue caused her to drop off asleep. Now, what was more natural, than that a sleep under such conditions, in the close vicinity within the same walls of a man in her husband's state, should be filled with visions of fear? This was my theory, and my anxiety was great to get ground for it to stand firm upon.

'Are you in the habit of dreaming?' I inquired.

She gave me a quick earnest look, and answered, with some surprise: 'I hardly ever dream.'

The answer, and the manner of it still more so, disconcerted me. I was too eager to win my point to renew the approach by some other method, and I dashed at it at once with all my energy.

'Is it not possible, Mrs Humby, that some portion of your impressions after awaking may have been derived from or coloured by a vision you had in your sleep? Is it too late now to try and recollect whether you had been dreaming? Nothing is more likely, under the circumstances—your mind was full of certain excitements and fears—and everybody knows that the brain goes on after the body has sunk into sleep, just as the sea still rolls after the storm has ceased blowing. Pray, think: it would alter everything so much, if my impression turned out correct!'

I noticed her clasp her hands in her lap, and her face assumed a grave and even earnest expression. She was silent for the space of nearly two minutes, and from the direction of her eyes I knew she was looking across the intervening grounds at the fire-blackened remains of her late home. 'Mr Everest,' she answered at last, speaking low, without removing her eyes from that spot, 'my senses were too alert that night to deceive me.—Look!' she added, untying a small scarf from her neck.

I had heard of this before, and the evidence was perplexing—to me painfully so. The brutal marks were still clearly discernible on her delicate throat, even through the pink tinge which rose to veil them as she displayed her neck.

'No, no!' she went on, in the same low voice; 'I was not dreaming. It was all exactly as I have described it, with nothing to add and nothing to take away. What I do not remember clearly is the manner of my escape from the bungalow and my reaching here.'

'That is easily conjectured,' I replied. 'Of course, now, I entirely believe that what you state was fact, and not fancy. The mystery which surrounds it must be cleared in some way or another. Why should your husband be dressed, for instance? Can you think of any explanation, Mrs Humby?'

'None, Mr Everest. It is as much a mystery to me as to you. As well as—as his returning to his chamber again.'

'It is almost incomprehensible, seeing that the house was then actually on fire.'

It was only comprehensible on the theory that the man had committed suicide. That no one in Jullabad would bestow a moment's consideration

on such a theory in connection with Colonel Humby, is in itself a fact that may be noted.

'Do you fancy, Mrs Humby, that any of the natives might have fired the bungalow—intentionally or accidentally?'

'I do not think so. Not one of them would do harm to me.'

'Your husband had ill-used the cook's child?' I suggested.

'Yes; but the man would not have done it. He knew I was there, and that I was weak. He would not have risked injuring me,' she said, with a quiet faith that was convincing.

The fire broke out soon before eleven o'clock, and there were no natives on the premises then except the *khidmatgar* already mentioned and an ayah. No suspicion rested, or could rest, on either; and if the fire was the result of an accident, it was impossible to assign a cause after the most searching inquiry.

The long and short of it was that the inherent improbability of poor Mrs Humby's story was the source of all the misfortune which hung around her. She would not recede from one word of it. No one could understand it. How many were daily and hourly coming to disbelieve it!

If she had only been silent, she would have been safe. To myself, her very persistence in the statement, extraordinary as it was, was conclusive proof of her conscious innocence. But the same faith was not to be expected from others.

I spent more than an hour with Mrs Humby; and before I left her, she talked to me with as much confidence as if I were her brother. She let me see a little into that mystery of her life into which no eye had penetrated before. I gathered from the poor girl that she had been deceived, and had disobeyed her father, and that she was now filled with a natural but fatal craving to go back to him for pardon and rest.

'Above all things, Mrs Humby, you must not think of leaving this country until your honour is clearly vindicated. You shall have warm friends to defend you and fight for you—be assured of that. Have courage; your friends are more than you know!'

The tears were in her eyes when she gave me her hand at the conclusion of this interview. I promised to send the lawyer to her next day; and with a feeling of disappointment and deep despondency, I took my way again to Lady O'Reilly.

I related all that had passed, and my fruitless efforts to move the foundations of Mrs Humby's unfortunate statement. Lady O'Reilly listened to me attentively, and somewhat startled and shocked me by quietly asking, with her blue eyes observantly upon me: 'Tell me truly, Mr Everest—have you entire faith in Mrs Humby's innocence?'

'She is as innocent as my mother,' I answered.

'I will think over it all before to-morrow,' she said, after a pause.—'Mr Mapleson must see her, and his opinion will be of more value than ours.'

Before leaving, Lady O'Reilly invited me to call at four next day. I will pass over the intervening hours, which were anxious ones to me. I felt more than ever bound up in this young widow's fate, and it was torment to me to be so powerless as I was.

Lady O'Reilly's ayah conducted me into her ladyship's private sitting-room when I arrived next afternoon at four o'clock. Mr Mapleson was already there, having come direct from his interview with Mrs Humby.

'Mrs Humby has no more devoted friend in Jullabad than Mr Everest,' said Lady O'Reilly. —'Now, Mr Mapleson, will you kindly tell us what you have learned, and what you think?'

He told us, briefly and clearly, like a lawyer, what he had learned from his interview. Mrs Humby was perfectly frank with him—but it all came to this: he had gathered nothing new.

Questioned as to the line of defence he would adopt, he answered: 'It must in a great measure depend upon circumstances. We may try to prove it was an accident—there is no evidence to show that it was; we may try to prove that it was due to native malice or revenge—here again there is not a tittle of evidence to go upon. And mark: Mrs Humby's narrative goes against both of these possible arguments. If that story is true, how can the death of her husband be ascribed either to accident or the act of native servants? It would show that he was up and dressed, and in a position easily to escape. If it is impracticable to prove accident or malice, Lady O'Reilly—as at present it really is—there remain only two other theories by which the terrible event can be explained.'

'Please tell us what they are,' said Lady O'Reilly, as the lawyer paused.

'We must be ready, as best we can, to meet every view of the case,' he answered, fingering his watchchain and looking at the carpet. 'The two theories are—firstly, that Colonel Humby's diseased brain contemplated murder and suicide; and that failing to do the one, he did the other.'

'Nobody would accept that theory,' I answered. 'Colonel Humby hadn't grit enough in him for suicide. He certainly had his grip on his wife's throat, though—how is that to be explained?' I felt this the one strong point, and I laid stress upon it. I was resolved it should not be lost sight of.

The lawyer's answer was exasperating in its very coolness: 'That is a point, Mr Everest, as you say. I wish we had another point or two to support it. We must bear in mind, however, that Colonel Humby often laid hands upon his wife—it is notorious, and she admits it. These marks might have been received by her before the time she mentions—we shall have to prove that her statement is true, if we rely on any part of it—true as a whole. Can we do that?'

Lady O'Reilly looked at me. I was terribly dejected by the lawyer's cold professional dissection of the case. He foresaw and took clear measure of all the obstacles.

'We must take the fact as it stands,' he went on. 'Colonel Humby was burned to death on his bed. You reject the idea of suicide. So do I, in my private judgment. Of course, as a lawyer I must make what I can out of everything that suggests itself in favour of my case. If we cannot prove an accident, we must admit a wilful and felonious act—in a word, that murder was perpetrated. I am afraid it will have to come to that,' he said gravely.

This was literally appalling, coming professionally from Mr Mapleson. It left no room for protest, for argument, hardly—as it seemed—for defence! What a fatal web circumstances had woven around this innocent and unhappy woman!

There ensued a painful silence, lasting several minutes. We did not ask the lawyer what the alternative 'theory' was—no need for that. It weighed like a mountain of lead upon me.

At last Lady O'Reilly broke the silence. For the question which she now put to Mr Mapleson, her tone was quiet, measured, as though she asked with a deliberate purpose: 'Mr Mapleson—if it is a proper question to put to you, in confidence among ourselves—what is your own opinion, frankly, as regards Mrs Humby?'

The lawyer was taken aback. For myself, I held my breath, as if it were the verdict of the jury which was about to be pronounced. 'Frankly,' he answered, 'I think she fired the bungalow. Under temporary derangement, perhaps, and without distinct intent to cause her husband's death. But from all I know at present, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that her hand did it!'

This was horrible. What I should have said or done, but for the quick and thoughtful interposition of Lady O'Reilly, I do not know. She rose, and, with reeling head, I was barely conscious that she bowed to Mr Mapleson, and went as far as the door with him. Then she came back, her lovely face lit up with that luminous kindness which heaven gives to the true woman, and laid her hand gently on my arm. 'My poor boy,' she said, 'it has been hard to hear that sentence spoken. Will it comfort you if I say that my belief in her innocence is as unshaken as your own?'

I could have fallen at her feet and kissed the shoes she wore. I only put my lips reverently and gratefully to her hand, without uttering a word. My heart was too full—too full of that which this noble woman discovered ere I was aware of it myself—love! Yes; that was my case; and, knowing it now, the state of my mind will be appreciated.

In my fevered dreams that night I saw her, from where I stood on the shore of the sea, drifting away in an open boat; her white face was turned to me in silent and hopeless appeal for the help I was powerless to give; the sharks, with their horrid premonitions of death, were gliding around her, their hideous fins showing above the water, waiting for the frail vessel to capsize and give them their horrible feast; and from time to time she put up her poor small hands to protect her uncovered head from the beating of the merciless sun. I awoke with a cry. But it was no relief to awake; the reality was quite as full of distress and peril as the dream, and my sense of powerlessness equally agonising.

Next day, which I drearily looked forward to as one of dull and helpless anxiety alone, was fraught with an event which excited Jullabad to a white-heat, and gave me such a blow as a man never receives twice during his lifetime.

I rose very early—as everybody does in India—and had a canter through the park before the

usual morning duties. After these, I went to the mess for breakfast. And here I forgot breakfast and all else in presence of the news some of our men had brought in—that Mrs Humby had disappeared from the cantonment magistrate's bungalow during the night.

I sank into a chair, apart from all the rest, with a groan. What madness could have tempted her to so fatal a step? It was an admission of her guilt before all the world. She paralysed her friends by her folly. Who could stand up for her now?

I went about in a kind of stupor all day; I did not even go to Lady O'Reilly. How could I, after what she had said to me the day before? 'My belief in her innocence is as unshaken as your own!' I knew it was shaken now—even hers! for alas and alas—I will confess it—my own had sustained a stunning blow.

Hour after hour went by, and no tidings, or even trace, of the fugitive were gathered. This was strange, because an Indian cantonment offers few chances of concealment, especially to a lady. It was certain she had not been near the railway station. The thoroughness of the search which was made, and the dead-lock to which efforts of discovery had come, may be inferred from the fact that before sunset every well in the station had been dragged without result. Had she been carried into the clouds, her disappearance could not have been more complete and untraceable.

It was 'guest-night' at our mess, and I would willingly have absented myself. Hoping, however, for a few hours' distraction from my thoughts, I went. There were a good many men at dinner, military and civil officials and fellows from other corps. The talk was all on the one absorbing and exciting topic. A hundred theories were put forward to account for the disappearance of Mrs Humby; but not one expression of belief in her innocence was to be heard—now! It was the very torture of slow death to me to sit listening, and it was inevitable that I should lose my self-control at last.

'If she is in the jungles,' I heard it observed, 'the unfortunate woman has chosen the worse of two evils. Even a native jury would have more mercy than a hungry panther.'

I rose to leave the table, unable to endure more. As I did so I heard a few words spoken near to me—by whom, I was too excited to remember at the moment: 'I am sorry for her. As long as she was entitled to a doubt, I expressed no opinion. There was more in the relations of Humby and his wife than others knew. He was no angel; but he was clearly disappointed in his wife—not that this justified ill-usage; but if his story were told, perhaps a good deal would be explained. There is no harm in declaring now the opinion I have held all along—and others as well as I—that Mrs Humby deliberately murdered her husband. Her flight in itself is confession of guilt.'

There was a murmur, but nobody dissented openly. The room swam round me, and I madly snatched a glass of wine and dashed it in the speaker's face.

'You lie!' I shouted—'like a coward and a cad!'

Men leaped to their feet, and a silence followed of intense amazement. This brought me to my senses, and I realised what I had done. I had put this public outrage on the colonel of my regiment.

CURIOUS FINDS.

THE sea sometimes yields up part of its treasures in a curious and unexpected way, as was instanced lately by the discovery of a richly jewelled ring in the back of a herring caught at Dunbar. The finder was still luckier than a servant in Port-Glasgow, who, in cutting up some whiting, found a silver coin in one of them.

Two curious finds connected with nautical affairs should have an interest for Englishmen. Some old canvas that had long been stowed away as lumber, on being unexpectedly brought to light, was found to be the mainsail of Nelson's ship the *Victory*. The sail was riddled with shot fired during the battle of Trafalgar.—When some men were sawing a portion of an old ship's mainmast formerly belonging to a man-of-war at Chatham, a thirty-two-pound iron shot was observed embedded in the mast, the aperture having been plugged up. This was one of the largest kind of shot used in those times.

In a lake in Berkshire a large misshapen and unwieldy chub was found, so strange in appearance and unsightly in its movements, that the most apt zoologist could not account for its lineal descent or say if it was piscatory or amphibious. The creature was found in a kind of cage formed by the washed roots of an elm-tree by this lake. When young and much smaller, this fish must have got into its strange prison. Limited to a mere turn, the wonder is that—as it must have forced its way in—it did not force its way out; but here it was, after years must have lapsed, taking quite the form of the gnarled and struggling roots. With no room to develop, the tail had almost disappeared, the dorsal fin was altogether obliterated, the body had become very hard, and the scales like so much incrustation of mud divided into layers. The nose was so pushed in and the gills so enlarged, that, when looked at full in the face, it had the appearance of a negro whose face had been despoiled of its shining and oily surface. Indeed, its existence was a matter of marvel, as the water subsided and increased at times, so that in dry weather it had only the most muddy home and a semi-fluid for its subsistence. When removed, it seemed a puzzle to know whether to class this strange discovery as a reptile, fish, or anything else.

Another proof how nature has her own way of accommodating herself to the most extraordinary conditions of life, is afforded by the following incident. A lady lost her gold ring. Some three years afterwards, the loser's cat caught a rat, from which pussy had eaten the head. The neck of the rat was exposed, and the owner of the cat saw something metallic glittering on the rat's neck. On examination this proved to be the lost wedding-ring embedded in the flesh. The ring must have been carried by the old rat to its nest, and a very young rat must have thrust its head into the ring. As the animal grew larger each day, its novel collar would become a fixture. The wonder is how nature continued to permit her

living demands to be supplied through such a small circumference, yet the creature lived, was fat, and looked healthy.

Cats in their hunting expeditions sometimes meet with an untoward fate. The writer saw the mummy-like remains of one of these animals which had been discovered in altering an old building. From its peculiar appearance, the unfortunate creature had evidently been suddenly crushed flat, for, in its dying agonies, its teeth had almost bitten through a piece of wood about a couple of inches square, which was still embedded in its jaws. Some of our readers may recollect the discovery of a petrified cat in the crevice of an old stone wall, during some repairs in Newgate jail. In the opinion of a naturalist, this curiosity must have been in a petrified condition for some hundreds of years.

As some workmen were felling timber near Herne Bay, they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity in which were the remains of a cat. The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy colour yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown around it.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drümmling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knee, were perfect. By its side were a powder-horn, a porcelain pipebowl, and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.—Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind, a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an auger-hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber-merchant's workshop; this was the nest and skeleton of a bird embedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all round the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture into it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found. The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably, at the lopping of a branch, a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird was enclosed seems difficult to imagine.

In the centre of a log of Honduras mahogany the saw revealed a large piece of honeycomb. The finder says the wax with the cells was hard,

and resembled in colour and appearance a mummy. The remains of the bees were incrustated in the wax.—Another log of mahogany was being cut in veneers by a cabinetmaker, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a remarkable and striking profile of Her Majesty in a knot in the wood. The likeness was so true, that all who saw it acknowledged the resemblance. Had this curiosity only been discovered in the present year, we might have had Jubilee mahogany added to the never-ending list of articles so distinguished.

So often have toads been found enclosed in solid bodies, that it is not surprising to read in a Scottish paper that a servant while breaking a large piece of coal for the fire, was startled to find in the centre of the block a full-grown toad, which appeared to be in excellent health and spirits. A less common discovery was made in Birkenhead. A gentleman there was presented with a cow's tongue which appeared to be perfect in every respect. After the tongue was boiled, he discovered a piece of sandstone embedded in it, about three-quarters of an inch in length, half an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Some curious discoveries of valuable articles occur from time to time. For example, a singular literary discovery was made at a monastery in the island of St Lazarus, at Venice. A pet monkey had climbed to the top of a bookcase, and was amusing itself in imitating a venerable monk, who was trying to induce it to descend. The animal, in a sudden freak, seized a bundle of papers, and breaking the string, showered down on the father's head a number of letters the ink of which had become yellow with age. They were said to be a series of letters which Lord Byron wrote to the monks of St Lazarus, with whom he had once resided.

An extraordinary instance of the recovery of a lost ring may be added to the list of curious finds. A lady when digging holes for planting celery, unconsciously dropped the ring into one of the holes. A plant was inserted, doubtless through the ring, and as the root grew, the ring must have become embedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared up by the ring making its appearance among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

A woman employed as a rag-sorter lately met with a lucky find. While she was engaged in sorting a quantity of rags which had been in stock for a long time, having been sent from France, she came across something resembling a dress-improver, which she cut open, and found in it French coins and notes to the value of over twenty-eight pounds, which became her property as the finder.

A very opportune discovery of money occurred to a distressed person in London. A distraint for arrears of rent to the amount of eighty pounds had been levied on some premises by the landlord, for which sum the whole of the household furniture had been condemned, and placed in two vans for removal, with the exception of a chest of drawers of antique appearance, which had been left to the last from mere accident. On looking into one of the drawers, a small paper parcel was discovered, which was found to contain

one hundred and fourteen old guineas of the reign of George III. The claim was of course soon discharged, and the furniture restored to its proper position.

But perhaps as curious a find as any was that which lately took place at the New British Iron Company's Works, Cradley Heath. Amongst a quantity of scrap-iron forwarded to the works was a disused malt mill. Upon some workmen placing the mill under a steam-hammer for the purpose of breaking and preparing it for the furnace, money was scattered in all directions from the mill. The find is said to have been about one hundred pounds, and the workmen were allowed by the manager to retain the money.

THE COXSWAIN'S YARN.

'KEEP her away a pint or so, sir—there's some uncharitable rocks off here.'

'Ay, ay, Jack.'

The tiller was pulled over an inch, the sheet squirmed in the block, the yard swung slightly, and the brown-tanned lugsail filled out a trifle more, as the *Spindrift*, flinging showers of spray diamonds off her red and blue bows as she swished through the waters, opened the narrow cove, where the rugged chalk-walls bend back a hundred yards to meet the steep roadway which leads from the country inland down to a strip of shingly beach where the waves break with a musical roll.

'The Landing looks quiet enough to-day, Jack.'

'Quiet enewf allus wi' a breeze anything westerly o' nor,' responded the blue-guernsey-frocked figure in the bows. 'But you come here-aways when thar be a no'therly gale a-sending tons of water smack agin yon cliffs, and you'd see it a verry perdition of a place. Ay!—removing the short cutty from his lips, and blowing a cloud of blue smoke to leeward—'I'se had some rare tussles wi' t' sea mesel', and yance was owerboord 'mong waves close to yan rocks, out of t' lifeboat, a time as I'll never forget.'

Now, Jack Crawford, coxswain of the lifeboat *Gertrude*, and owner of the *Spindrift*, was the 'uncrowned king' of that little community of Yorkshire fisher-folk, and as fine a specimen of a hardy seadog as were ever any of his ancestors who sailed in the long ships of Ida the Flame-bringer, when that doughty Viking sailed over the Swansbath, and landed at this snug cove, to win the kingdom of wild Northumbria. He had the blue-gray eyes and golden beard of the old Norseman, was big of stature and bronzed of face like a true Flameburgh-man; and as honest and fearless as they and their fore-elders have always been. Many a desperate fight had he had with the storm-spirits, when more than one gallant mate had gone down with the foundering craft, leaving wife or sweetheart to weep and tell how the cruel 'sea gat him.' So his yarns were always worth listening to; and now, eagerly invited, he told this story in the rugged, quaint dialect of the north-east coast—which is here toned down for the gentle reader's ears—to the accompaniment

of heaving surges and the softened murmur of the distant surf sobbing and gurgling in the weird caverns which here pierce the cliffs.

It was a dirty March day, twenty years and more ago, and the glass had gone down with a run before the keen wind which got up with the dawn, and brought great banks of leaden clouds out of the east; and by afternoon a whole gale was blowing, and the snow-flakes were hissing down the village chimneys and spitting into the fires on the hearths. But it was not many of us as saw much of the corner-seat that day, for there was plenty to do in hauling the cobbles up beach, which is like a house-roof for steepness, and seeing that everything was fast, and not likely to be carried away in one of the heavy squalls which whirled up off the roaring sea.

Most of us had finished by five o'clock, and were gathered to loo'ard of the boathouse at the top of the cliff, a-smoking and talking a bit, but mostly watching the steamers as were fighting their way south'ard, plunging and rolling out in the offing.

'Yon's the *Conisbrough*, an' it's time she was hauling off a bit,' said Ned Wallis, nodding towards a black-hulled boat whose red-and-white funnel showed out sharp again' the cold gray sky, and whose screw threw up a heap of foam when, every now and then, she pitched it clean out of the water as she headed for the open sea.

'Cap'n Thompson knows what he be about,' growled out old Benson.

'Hullo, mates! there's one yonder as has got her work set,' says I, catching sight of a barque which suddenly showed over the north point of the Landing, a deal too close in for safety.

'Her canvas be going—eh, Jack?' says Tom Smith, handing me his glass.

She was a smart-looking craft, and she plunged madly at the rolling seas, her tops'ls in ribbons and her yards askew, but standing up bravely under a double-reefed mains'l and jib.

'She's a beauty, poor dear, and well handled,' says Robert Barnett.

'If only she'd a dozen cable-lengths more under her lee—but she'll weather t' Head yet, if only she can hold on,' says I.

'She won't clear yon reef—she must gan about soon; and if she hangs for half a minute, she's done for,' says Dick Gibbon, going off into the boathouse, where he begins quietly seeing that all the gear's aboard and the *Seabird* ready; for it was before the bigger boat was sent here, and he was first-cox'n then, and I was second. And a fine fellow he was too, and many's the time we've been out together; but a sou'-easter killed his coble ten years come Candlemas, and he's sleeping out yonder in five-and-forty fathom, for he never come ashore.

Well, the rest of us stood watching the fight between t' barque and t' heavy seas, which were trying hard to smother her; but she flung them off, and held on bravely; and a fine sight it was to see, and we hoped as she might win. But the gale grew, and the crests of the great waves as they rolled in were cut clean off by the gusts, and blown right over the cliff-tops; and the foam-clots were lying like snow upon the hedges a quarter of mile inland.

The dusk was deepening; but she was growing

bigger and more distinct, and we could hear the torn canvas flicking like pistol-cracks.

'Sakes-a-dearie! t' ebb has begun to make, an' shoo's a lost ship,' says old Dan Gibbon, Dick's father, shaking his head.

'Ay, thar it comes.—'Bout ship,' says I. Her skipper saw she was coming fast in-shore, and as his only chance, was going about to beat out to sea, if so be as he could, and we knew it was the last dying struggle, like. Down went the helm, and we saw her coming shaking into the wind, and heard the shouted orders as the hands haul on the braces, and the creaking of the swaying yards; and then, just as the canvas begins to steady and draw—God help 'em! a big sea rose up ahead wi' a roar we could hear above t' gale, struck her slap on the weather-bow, and poured along her deck like a millrace. Her head fell off, and then her taut masts whipped savagely across the black sky as she rolled broadside on to the leaping waves.

'Now, lads, it's our turn,' cries Dick Gibbon in his cool, resolute way. 'Come, look alive—out with t' *Seabird*.'

But before he spoke, we knew what was wanted, and most of us had got our cork-belts on and were hooking the ropes to the skid—for, you see, a carriage ain't no use here, owing to the steepness of the cliff; and so we ran the lifeboat down on rollers, and in next to no time she was on the water's edge. News that the boat was for service had fetched every one from the village, and there was a bit of sobbing here and there; but our women be game, and there was none of them as wanted their men to stay. I had only been wed three weeks then, and didn't know as how t' wife would take it, when I catches sight on her on t' beach. But she comes up to me and looks bravely at me, and says: 'The guid Lord 'll tak care on thee, lad;' and never a word to stop me from what she know'd was duty—I being, as I said, second-cox'n.

'Tumble in thar!' shouts Dick, as has got aboard, and is handling the yoke-lines, in a hurry to be away.

We scramble up into the boat. I stand up by my skipper aft, and the rest settle on to their thorts and get out the oars, whilst our mates as are left ashore seize the launching lines.

'Are ye ready?' sings out the cox'n.

'Ay, ay,' comes the chorus from for'ard.

'Then, off wi' her handsome, now!'

The ropes tauten and strain, the boat begins to quiver—slips a bit—and then, with a big rush, she takes a noble plunge slap into the breakers, sending the spray flying; the oar-blades dash into the foaming water, and the men pull like very demons.

If you've had to get a boat off a lee-shore when there's been anything of a 'popple' on, you know what sort of work it is, and how it takes a power of pulling to get well out of danger of being thrown back on shore again. But we had as fine a set of fellows as you could find anywhere, and they stuck to it like good uns; and soon the *Seabird*, rising and falling easily, told us we were safely off in deep water.

'Thar goes their gun, poor souls,' sings out Tom Smith the bowman, as a dull, booming sound rolled past the cove mouth; and a moment later we catch sight of a rocket a-trailing up a line of brightness above the cliff-top.

'Thar's t' answer, then,' Ned Wallis says as a second screams up to the black clouds from the boathouse astern.

'If only they can hold on till we get at 'em,' says Dick to me in a low tone. 'But look thar, and you'll not have to guess what it's like at t' other side.'

I looked ahead as he spoke, and saw a huge breaker dash itself straight at the wall of ragged rock, which we had to pass within a dozen yards, and then spout itself into hundreds of hissing tongues of foam high in air, to fall back into the churning surf with a deadly rush. I tell you, to look at that caldron, and feel the fierce waves shake the boat fore and aft, and see them leap up over the stem, and pour in green seething cataracts off the bow air-case, was enough to shake you a bit. But though Tom Smith was almost drowned at his post for'ard, and we were often up to our knees before the tubes could free the boat from the water, and drenched with the spray, yet we held on; and it was a treat to see how she drove through that sea.

Now, there's a lot of talk that these self-righting lifeboats are crank, and some of the newspapers cry out again' them, and say they are a fraud and a snare. All gammon, says I! Why, what does a newspaper chap as sits writing all comfortable afore a fire know what a lifeboat can do? They mostlins get their ideas from some of them inventing fellows, who can always improve every blessed thing going, if you'll believe 'em, as cry out that the self-righting boat is a bad design, and they could make it quite safe, and so as she'd never roll over. Now, there's a lot of pints needed in a lifeboat besides those as have to do with upsetting. She must be easy to pull with oars by a dozen men, and at the same time stand up handsomely under sail, if so be as t' wind serves; she must be buoyant enough to float her crew and passengers, if she gets stove in agin' a wreck or rock; she must clear herself of water as she ships the water, for there's plenty to do for all hands without wasting themselves and time in baling; she must right herself when she goes over, for with all this tall talk, there's no way of making an open rowing-boat as won't upset at times; and then, she must be light and handy enough to be taken about and launched off a beach. And when you've got all these, you've got somewhere near a perfect boat; and I make bold enough to say as you've got 'em all in the Institution's boats. And as to all that yarn about 'em not being 'stiff,' why, bless you, there are fellows as think and call themselves boatmen as will run broadside on to a smashing sea, and then sing out because in course they heel over—as what craft wouldn't? Fact is, air, a lifeboat is like a thoroughbred horse—put a duffer aboard, and he can't handle it, and gets thrown, maybe, and then comes and says it's the fault of the animal. Lifeboats, I don't deny, want skilful handling, and then they be as safe as winking. Now, I've been cox'n on this station for twenty years, and out in all sorts of weather, and I says, give me a good crew—of sailors, mind you, not longshore lubbers in sou'-westers—and I'll back us to go anywhere at any time in the *Gertrude* there, or any other self-righting boat as belongs to the National Lifeboat Institution,

you likes.—Avast, though; I'se forgetting the yarn I was spinning.

Well, we fight our way on somehow, and at last opens the wide sea—one great stretch of mad, tossing waves, enough to make any chap wish himself ashore. There was a little group of folk up on the p'int as had climbed there to see us pass; and as we forged out of the cove, we could just see them in the gloom, and they gave us a cheer, which sounded feeble enough in the din of the gale; but it put new heart in us all, and we meant having the poor fellows off the barque.

'Thar she is!' hails Tom, p'inting to where the sea was all white, like tossing, whirling snow-drifts, and where the breakers were raging over the sunken rocks; and sure enough her hull showed out like a long black bar just beyond.

'Stick to it, my lads—she's got her anchors down, and, please God, they'll hold till we can fetch her,' says Dick Gibbon, as we begin to meet a three-quarter tide a-sluing along. 'Show them a glim—it'll cheer them a bit.'

So I got out the signal-box, and struck a fuse, and it splutters and spits, and then shines out like a big star; and we hear a faint hulloo away to loo'ard, and know they've seen us.

Dick works out with the tide, and we get steadily well up to wind'ard, and to where he and I reckon we may venture to drop down to the ship; so he watches for a bit of a smooth, and then over goes our rudder; and the port oars pull us round like a top.

'They be worth saving, yon chaps, for they've making a good fight for t' ship, and not giving in yet. You bet they be English; a French or German lot would be a-howling and a-ringing of their hands, instead of cutting the masts away,' I says, as suddenly the foremast went by the board, and we saw men hacking at the mainmast.

'Stand by with t' anchor, Tom!—All clear for'ard?'

'Ay, ay,' answers the bowman, steadying himself to heave.

'Let her go!' shouts Dick, keeping his eye on the wreck as the boat drives towards it. 'Hold her up a bit, lads; smartly now.' A dozen strong strokes stop her sternway, and the anchor holds. 'Pay out—steady!'

The cable runs rapidly over the stempost roller, and we drive quickly on to her starboard bow; but the distance between scarcely lessens, and the loud hail, 'We're dragging,' comes from the ill-fated ship.

'Belay that cable,' roars Dick; 'and look handy with that heaving line, Jack.'

And whilst Tom and his mates take a turn round the bollard, I nips up the loaded stick, and flings it with all my might at a group of men on her fo'c'sle, and it falls right among them. In next to no time they had bent on a rope, and we haul it aboard and make it fast smartly enough, for ten minutes we knew would see her on these dreadful rocks.

'For your lives' sake, look lively!' Dick bawls through his trumpet.

But, poor creatures, they need no hurrying, for they see it's all up with the ship; and a man seizes the line and drops himself along; and another and another come, and we have them safe inboard.

'Drop a bit nearer; we've got a woman aboard,' calls out a voice from her bows.

'Daren't do it,' we shout in reply.

There's a bit of a delay; and then a man stands out and seizes the rope, the figure of a woman slung to him, and he begins to come hand over hand along it, and gets half-way, when all at once a great sea breaks right over us, filling the boat, and then rushes on, burying the poor souls on the rope deep beneath it. With a heave the *Seabird* rises up bravely, the rope tautens, and lifts its dripping burden clear; and we all give a cry, for the woman's gone, and we see a dark something show for an instant on a wave-top, and then disappear in the boiling surf amongst the rocks. We drag the man in half drowned. But time's too precious to ask questions, and we think only of getting the rest off their doomed ship.

The captain comes last; and when we help him in, he has a little girl-baby in his arms, all done up in a big white shawl, and this only just in time, for the line snaps like a piece of packthread; and then we knew her anchors had dragged clear away; and sure enough, before ever we had hove our own up, we see her give one tremendous roll, then a great heave, and crash she goes right on to the reef-end, and good-bye to her.

'Up with a corner of t'lug,' is the order; and we begin to stagger through the seas, and race the hissing surges towards the shore under sail. As we get near the mouth of the little bay, the man as had been so nearly done for when the sea buried him and tore the woman away, comes to, and begins to moan for 'Lettie'; and the cap'n of the barque just shoves the little lass into his arms with never a word.

Then the poor chap opens his eyes and looks down the boat with a dreadful earnest stare, and cries: 'O God, where's Lettie?'

The cap'n says nothing, and turns away his head; and then the other seizes hold of Dick's arm and cries fiercely: 'Where's my wife? Tell me!'

And Dick dashes his oilskin sleeve ath'ort his eyes, and then p'ints up aloft, and says in a hoarse sort of voice: 'She's there, mate!'

He gives a wild, unearthly sort of scream; and then, before ever we guesses what's up, he seizes the baby in one hand, and pitches himself clean over the gunnel into the tumbling waves. I catch sight of the tiny thing for a second close to the boat as we rush on, and make one desperate grab, catch hold of it, and pitch head first over into the black water myself. I clutch like mad at the side as I go over; and as luck, or something better, maybe, would have it, my fingers click one of the life-lines, and I grip it tight, and hold on like death; the cold water pours over me as the boat tows me through. The pull on my arm was something awful; but they soon drag me in by the collar, with the baby in my other hand; and I had just time to see it was alive and to shake myself dry a bit before we get among the rollers and crash on to the beach; and a score of lusty arms seize the *Seabird* and hold her up agin the backwash and haul her out of the surf.

The folks all come crowding round; but the coastguard keep them back; and the eleven sailors with the mate and cap'n are carried off to the *King's Arms*. But I keep the little mite

as I'd saved, and just put it into my wife's arms; and away she flies with it, and never a question to ask.

When I get home, after having helped Dick to stow the boat and the gear, I find a dozen neighbours all a-looking and talking of the poor bairn as was sleeping peacefully on Mollie's lap; and then, of course they want to know all about it; and as I don't know, I go off to see the cap'n.

The wrecked ship was the *Evangeline* of Bristol, from Leith to London in ballast; and the poor chap as had jumped overboard was a passenger; but no one knew his name. He seemed a gentleman, but very poor, and had begged a passage from the kind-hearted skipper for himself and wife and baby; and it was his wife as had got drowned, and the baby as was at our cottage.

When I tell Mollie, she cries a bit, of course, as a woman will, and then sets to hugging the bit of a lassie, and vowing she'll be its mother; and nothing would make her think or say different. Well, the parson wrote to all the papers, trying to find out any relations; but none ever came, and so we kept her.

The owners of the *Evangeline* behaved very handsome to us, giving each man of our crew a fiver; and Dick and I a watch apiece; and the Institution they vote me a medal for saving the little un. And they send one hundred pounds to parson for her, which he said he'd give to me and the missus when she was grown up, for our care on her. But we tell'd him straight we'd not touch a penny of it, for she was just like our own to us; and we called her 'Eva' after the ship she was took from. And now she's just the bonniest, cobbiest lass in the village; and she and Jack, my eldest lad, have made up their two minds to be spliced when the herring season's over; and she's having a new coble, and a beauty too, built for him out of her bit of brass; and t' rest of it's for a rainy-day. You'll hear her in t' choir at church on Sunday, and you'll see her, likely, when we land, for she's mighty fond of the beach and coming to meet me; and she can tell the *Spindrift* far enough.

There, sir, that's the yarn; and if you're willing, we'd better be running for home, as the tide has begun to make and the breeze seems like falling.

ANCIENT GREEK ART.

A modern Greek publication gives an interesting account, with a drawing, of a curious monument lately discovered at the Acropolis of Athens. This piece of very antique Greek art consists of a bronze relief, made up of two thin plates, each of which represents one side of the figure, and these two plates are fastened together with small *nails*, not rivets. The relief, which is not thick, is almost flat, and on one side there is the appearance of slight modelling, which, singularly enough, does not correspond with the other side. In fact, the working of this (the right) side is altogether superior to that of the other. On this side, too, traces are still to be seen of gold on the hair and garment. Probably the whole work was originally gilt, which, when first executed, had doubtless a beautiful and rich appearance. The figure is supposed to represent the goddess

Athene. The figure wears the *peplus*, or long robe worn by the women of Athens, and reaching nearly to the feet, and the *chiton*, or coat of mail, so commonly given to Minerva; but she has no helmet. This latter she may have carried in her left hand; but this part of the work is much damaged by rust. The gold-work which yet remains shows evident traces of the action of fire. The style and execution of this bronze relief are far superior to, and infinitely more natural than, any other of the large number of female figures by which it was surrounded when discovered.

Whilst on the subject of classical antiquities, we may draw attention to the addition lately made to the British Museum, consisting of a very fine large terra-cotta sarcophagus, having on its lid a beautiful life-sized figure of a reclining woman. Everything about this figure is coloured to life—the robing, the ornaments, the flesh, all coming out with striking reality. The date of this work is considered to be about two centuries B.C. It bears a close resemblance to the famed sarcophagus preserved in the city of Florence, which is of the same date, and is celebrated for its extreme beauty. The inscription, as published by the British Museum authorities, gives the names of the lady as 'Seianti Thanunia Tles-nasia.' The work is very ancient Italian, and being rare, is all the more interesting.

WEALTH UNTOLD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

SEEK your treasure, and you'll find
It exists but in the mind.
Wealth is but the power that hires
Blessings that the heart desires;
And if these are mine to hold
Independently of gold,
And the gifts it can bestow,
I am richer than I know!

Rich am I if, when I pass
'Mid the daisies on the grass,
Every daisy in my sight
Seems a jewel of delight!
Rich am I, if I can see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear 'mid forest leaves
Music in the summer eves;
If the lark that sings aloud
On the fringes of the cloud,
Scatters melodies around
Fresh as raindrops on the ground;
And I bless the happy bird
For the joy it has conferred;
If the tides upon the shore
Chant me anthems evermore;
And I feel in every mood
That life is fair and God is good!
I am rich if I possess
Such a fund of happiness,
And can find where'er I stray
Humble blessings on the way,
And deserve them ere they're given
By my gratitude to heaven.

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